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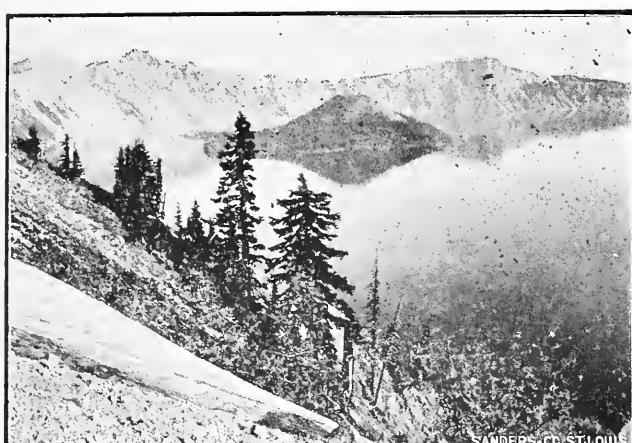
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# Daughter of the Rogues

ale of the Rogue River Valley



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By RICHARD POSEY CAMPBELL

ASHLAND, OREGON



# A Daughter of the Rogues

A Tale of the Rogue River Valley



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By RICHARD POSEY CAMPBELL  
ASHLAND, OREGON

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## DEDICATORY

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TO THE FEW WHO MAY CHANCE TO READ  
THIS SIMPLE TALE, IT IS DEDICATED.

Should it give you a momentary glimpse into the wealth of America's scenic splendor, a taste for the great out-of-doors, a loftier ideal of the worth of true friendship, the beauty of an unselfish spirit, and the sacred purity of a love that would sacrifice all on the altar of its devotion, then this little story shall not have been told in vain.

DICK POSEY.



Dick Posey

## A Daughter of the Rogues

---

I checked my jaded horse before a door  
Where toiled an old man in his garden there,  
And, much emboldened by his courteous smile,  
Besought him that a weary man might fare  
A day or so beneath his friendly roof.  
“Aye, you are welcome in our home,” he said,  
“There’s none to say he found no welcome here,  
—My wife and I are both Virginia bred,  
The latch string ever hangs from out our door.  
But she is old and sick, our fare is plain,  
So, for your comfort, I do not hesitate  
To point you to the weary trail again,  
Which, if you follow on for one brief mile,  
Will lead you to the ‘Squaw Man’. He, I know  
Can give you food and shelter, and he will,  
For he is kind,—leastwise I find him so,  
Though some there be that say he is morose  
And does not mingle with them. Even so,  
He is my friend. And then, his squaw is good  
And passing fair as Indian women go.”

I thanked him kindly, for I could but feel  
’Twas even as he said. My horse trudged on  
And ever as we went I felt the spell  
Of gorgeous landscape meeting sky of June,

## Dick Posey

The rugged mountains, Cascades, Siskiyou,  
Green garbed in all the splendor of the spring,  
And, at their feet the Valley of the Rogue,  
Sweet with blooming trees and birds that sing.  
And as I sensed it all with quickened breath,  
I laughed to feel the surge of rich, red blood  
Within my arteries. No longer Death  
Lurked in my footsteps. The dry, expanded air,  
The breath of resinous woods, the simple food,  
Cooked all unaided by some mountain stream  
And plucked from Nature's hand by gun and rod,  
The rugged out door life,—all these  
Had strengthened me and given zest to life  
And banished death to three score years and ten.

And as I rode thus musing on the trail,  
My eyes uplifted to a beauteous range  
Of foothills stretched between two sentinels,  
—Grizzly Peak and Roxy Ann, a sudden, strange  
Twist of fate, such as does sometimes enter  
Into life's circle and warp and change us  
Till life whirls around another center,  
Took shape before me in the form and face  
Of one most dear to me, my boyhood's chum.  
—For many months I'd reckoned him as dead,  
Yet there he stood before me, wild-eyed, dumb!  
While a mighty continent lay between



Dick Posey

Old Hudson's banks, where both were born and bred,  
And Oregon, where both this miracle had seen.

"Why Phil!" I gasped, "and what in heaven's name"—  
"Old Jack as I'm a sinner!" Wild surprise  
Thrilled in our voices as with firm clasped hands  
We looked with glad content in friendship's eyes.  
We talked as only pals can talk when they  
Have much in common, friends at home,  
And all the changes wrought, marriages, deaths,  
Our boyhood pranks and how I chanced to come  
Away out here into this rugged land.  
And ever as we talked it seemed that he  
Avoided self, would grasp me by the hand  
Anew and shake it with fevered fervor,  
Telling me o'er and o'er how glad he was  
To find me there, how we would scale those hills  
And whip the streams far up the Siskiyou  
For trout, the like of which I'd never seen.  
He knew the haunts of elk and deer and bear;  
Where mountain quail and grouse and pheasants used;  
—We'd rest a spell, then he would take me there.

And thus he gabbled till, in self defense,  
And spurred on by a mountain appetite,  
I cried, "Desist old scout, pray lead us hence,  
Bold Daniel Boone, pathfinder of the Rogue,

Dick Posey

I've a hunger keen as a cross-cut saw,  
I feel that I could ravenously devour  
A grouse or deer or grizzly bear blood raw.  
My venerable Virginia friend back there  
Spoke of a mighty chieftain hereabout,  
Where I might find refreshment and great ease  
Within his teepee, and I have no doubt  
But that I should have found him somewhere near.  
He lauded this great squaw man to the skies,  
And added that his squaw was passing fair.  
But, ere I test their hospitality,  
I fain would taste your salt, O comrade mine,  
So, lead on to your camp fire ere I swoon,  
We'll talk of our adventures as we dine."

I'd thus railed on while easing up the cinch  
On my spent horse, and noting that he said  
No word in answer, I glanced toward my friend  
And stared aghast! He stood with bowed head,  
Nor could he speak nor meet my wondring gaze,  
The droop of shame sagging his shoulders down,  
While o'er his face the color came and went  
And left him pale. 'Twas pitiful, I own,  
To see this idol of my earlier life,  
The toasted hero of athletic field,  
Captain and leader of each college strife,  
The polished favorite of the drawing room,  
With pride of social rank and stainless birth,  
—Thus like a felon sentenced to his doom.

Dick Posey

"Philip, old friend," I grasped his nerveless hand,  
"If I have said in thoughtless strain one word  
To stamp upon your brow this show of pain,  
Forget it, Phil, consider it unheard.  
This love of ours is far too great a thing  
To let some empty word, but idly sped  
In senseless railery, though barbed with steel,  
Stalk through the echoing halls of friendship dead,  
Nor would I probe the secrets of your past,  
I do but ask your trusted friendship back."  
With head still bowed, but in a firmer tone  
He answered me, "I am the 'Squaw Man', Jack."

Small wonder that he shrank from decent gaze!  
I knew the breed, treacherous and bestial,  
Reeking in filth, their squalid, stinking tents  
Swarming with mangy dogs and insects vile.  
But still I loved him and I told him so.  
That is my way, when once I find a friend  
And take him to my bosom, his virtues  
Overbalance far his weakness in the end.

With scarce unbroken silence he led me by  
A winding path to where his cottage stood.  
It was a winsome spot and sweet to see,  
With madrone grove casting its shady flood

## Dick Posey

O'er velvet grasses sprinkled thick with flowers,  
And, trellised over door and window pane,  
Were flowering vines most beautifully arranged,  
And scattered round, roses of every name.  
I caught my breath in wonder at the scene,  
"Beautiful," I said, "it takes my breath away."  
He smiled most gratefully, "Well, I am glad,  
For it is yours as long as you will stay."  
He led me to a shaded rustic seat,  
And, going to a spring house near at hand,  
Came back to me with pitcher brimming o'er  
With choicest beverage of any land,  
—Rich, creamy milk, the nectar of the gods!  
Seating himself beside me he began  
Unasked:

## PHILIP'S STORY.

I wish to tell my story first,  
I'll try to finish with it if I can  
Ere she returns—my wife—I mean. She's gone  
To visit some sick baby and may come  
Within the half hour, and it is not well  
That she should hear, for, well Jack, there are some  
Things that I would not have her know, for she's  
Sensitive and I would not give her pain  
If I can help it, for she loves we well,  
As she has proven o'er and o'er again.

Dick Posey

I think it is not needful that I tell  
About my life before I came away,  
—My change of fortune in one single stroke  
That left me stranded, and I need not say  
To you what sank me deepest in despair.  
God, how I loved her, Jack! And then to have  
Her cast me from her life without one tear,  
—Hurl back upon me all the love I gave!  
Of course, her purse-proud people doubtlessly,  
(For that she loved me some I am convinced),  
O'er ruled such passion as she felt for me.  
But when in cooler moments I did pause  
And weigh the matter calmly in my mind,  
I know I'd not have asked of her to wait  
Till I, without experience, might find  
A way to fortune. So, without much care,  
I sold the few securities I found  
Left floating in the wreck, and such small things  
As I no longer needed, that abound  
In the apartments of a bachelor.

I found 'mongst all my friends but very few  
I cared to bid farewell. Strange how such things  
Can change one's nature so, but it is true.  
I left, not knowing whither I should go,  
—Just wandered aimlessly from place to place,  
Did such small jobs as I could find to do  
To eke out the small pittance in my purse.  
But ever as I went I traveled west,

## Dick Posey

Ever I kept my face turned from the spot  
Where I had suffered so, and it seemed best,  
For constant change would buoy my spirits up.  
No labor was too menial for my hands,  
—Was just content to breakfast, dine and sup.  
No use to weary you with dull detail  
About my journey 'cross the continent,  
You've covered the same route, so please review  
Your own experience and be content.

One day I'd ridden far across a stretch  
Of dreary sage land, shimmering with heat.  
My grub was spent and I was parched with thirst  
And near exhausted, for I could not eat  
Such food as I could buy from Indian hoard,  
—You've seen the breed and know the reason why.  
For weary hours I'd watched a line of trees  
That cut across the plain, unerringly  
Betraying to my eager, famished gaze  
Sure signs of living water, and, perchance,  
A rabbit or sage hen or speckled trout,  
—Refreshment seasoned with the sauce of chance.  
I reached the stream near sunset and had but  
Alighted from my horse to ease the load  
Of pack and saddle from his aching back,  
When suddenly from out the shade there strode  
A graceful buck, with sleek and shining coat.

Magnificent he was and fair to see,  
Proud monarch of his realm of trackless plain,  
Clothed in true grace and untaught dignity.  
One moment did I note the splendid form,  
And then with silent reach my rifle found,  
When with good luck and but a single shot  
I lay the antlered monarch on the ground.  
With exaltation high I cast aside  
My rifle and unclasped my hunting knife  
And in a moment I was bending o'er  
My prize, so lately full of joyous life.

Of course, the act was rash and did betray  
My utter ignorance of huntsman's lore,  
And, since Experience is a teacher rare,  
Who oftentimes must wield the birch before  
We are well schooled to battle with this life,  
It happened thus I learned my lesson there.  
For scarce the tender throat had felt the sting  
Of knife point reaching for an artery,  
E'er my prone supper, with a sudden spring,  
Had hurled me backward with such graceful ease,  
—And then he charged me, maddened with his pain,  
Enraged beyond endurance with the keen  
Sense of hatred for his foe. 'Twas in vain  
I tried to reach my rifle where it lay,  
He was upon me like a rifle shot!

## Dick Posey

I took the impact of his antlered head  
Upon my shoulder, and I felt a hot  
Pang where the frontal prong had pierced my flesh,  
And though it caused an ecstasy of pain,  
It brought a sense of clamness to my mind,  
—I must meet force with force, instinct with brain.

I grasped the mighty antlers of the beast,  
—Full three feet did they spread from tip to tip,  
And, bending to my foe's impetuous lunge,  
We tested strength to strength. 'Twas well my grip  
Was strong, my tendons hammered into steel  
Back there on college campus in my youth;  
'Twas well I'd bent the oar of bounding shell  
That sped old Harvard into fame again;  
'Twas well I'd sucked the keen breath of the plains  
And fed from bounteous palm of Nature's hand;  
My entire life seemed shaped and focalized  
To meet this champion of a rugged land.

A spell we stood transfixed with muscles taut,  
Each feeling for some weakness in his foe,  
When suddenly he reared and, striking out,  
The sharp edge of his hoof cut keenly through  
Thick leathern "chap" into the flesh beneath,  
And I could feel the warm blood trickling down.  
'Twas then my manhood left me, and the brute



Dick Posey

Of ancient forbears claimed me for its own.  
I glared into his eye with bestial hate  
And met defiance in his maddened stare,  
I tried to break his neck with sudden twist,  
And wrenched it till he squealed and bellowed there;  
I caught his blood-flecked lip between my teeth  
And held on like a bull dog; he swung me round,  
But I forestalled his trick and held him down.  
Then back and forth we struggled, inch by inch,  
His antlers biting deep into my chest,  
My clothing torn to ribbons, but I dare  
Not loose my iron grip upon him, lest  
He strike me down to death. We struggled on,  
I felt him tremble with the awful strain  
Of twisted neck and vital wound within;  
His breath came hot and labored, while again  
I tried to break his neck by artful twist  
But found my strength near gone; my ears drummed loud;  
The universe seemed tumbling into chaos;  
My brain reeled dizzy with the stress of blood;  
My mem'ry rolled backward like an endless chain;  
I viewed my past as does a drowning man.  
And in that blurring vision shone the face  
Of her I loved, and as the vision ran,  
It seemed she mocked me, yet she spurred me on;  
I felt my senses going, the dark shroud  
Of blank oblivion was settling down,  
When I, in wonder, did but feebly sense

**Dick Posey**

A shiver through his form, a smothered groan,  
Then near at hand a sudden sharp report  
Of rifle,—then darkness came upon me.

I woke to sweet sound of gurgling water  
That taunted my parched thirst to agony,  
And when my eyelids lifted I saw dimly  
An Indian maiden bending over me.  
“Me wantum drink,” I gasped; “heap thirsty, sabe?”  
She pressed my own cup brimming to my lips,  
And then I swooned again within her arms.

I wakened to soft touch of finger tips  
Upon my brow, and when she saw that I  
Was conscious, she placed me upon the ground.  
“You’re better now,” she said, “the worst is past.”  
Her voice was low and gentle, and I found  
Her English pure as mine.

“I humbly crave  
Your pardon, lady, but I thought—you—were—”  
I stammered. “Indian? Well, I am,” she said,  
“Or partly so,” and then I looked at her  
And knew she was a “breed.”

Her splendid strength  
Sustained me as I struggled to my feet,

And stayed me as I climbed the sloping bank  
Down which, unaided, she had borne my weight.  
My prostrate foe lay where he had fallen,  
While on the carcas worked an Indian crone,  
Hideous, toothless, eager at her task.

"I wish to thank some one for my poor life.  
I feel, beyond a doubt, I need not ask  
Who fired the shot that robbed my valiant foe  
Of well earned victory, so I thank you."

"Pray no," she answered with a glint of mirth,  
"That I did slay him, I admit is true,  
But then we needed meat. My granddame there  
Counts this but a godsend, and if you find  
It in your heart to claim it, I pray you not,  
She's all I have,—and—sometimes—she is kind."

I found my wounds most painful. Ere many steps  
I settled down once more upon the ground,  
And lay there 'twixt a torpor and a swoon.  
She bathed with water cool each painful wound  
And 'tended me with graceful skill and soon  
I felt the strength come back into my veins.  
She helped me up and unresistingly  
I followed to their lodge, 'twas very clean  
And wholesome, and, old friend, it seemed to me  
A paradise compared with what I'd seen

## Dick Posey

For many months.—A couch of wondrous ease  
Refreshed my tortured body, and a cool  
Draught of refreshing wine from vines and trees,  
Sweet with wild honey, and the soft, cool touch  
Of woman's hand, refreshed and soothed me to rest

That night my wounds grew fevered and I raved,  
And for some days I hung 'twixt life and death,  
But ever I could sense a woman near.  
And sometimes I would wait with bated breath  
Till she bent over me, then I would grasp  
Her hands, pour out my love entreatingly,  
—Gabble the silly nonsense of my youth,  
Thinking she was the one most dear to me.

Abundant health, clean blood and tender care  
Soon yielded me my strength in partial meed.  
The food was wholesome,—fish and venison,  
Wampus, a sort of bread made from ripe seed  
Of swamp lillies, most pleasing to the taste,  
Wild fruits, honey and roots dug from the earth,  
—All poured out richly in this favored land,  
And, to these simple folk, of priceless worth.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day we two were seated by the stream,  
The Indian maiden, Niona and I.  
In answer to her earnest questioning

Dick Posey

I told her of my life, and eagerly  
She listened as a child would to a tale  
Of fairy land, so little did she know  
Of this great world outside her simple life.  
Then in return, I felt it right to show  
An interest in her and asked that she  
Would tell me of her past. At first she shrank  
And hesitated to confide in me.  
And then in simple candor, modest grace,  
She told me of her life. And O, my friend,  
'Twas pitiful. I could but blush in shame  
And loathing at my own race in the end:

"My people on my mother's side were 'Rogues,'  
A warlike tribe that ranged these rugged lands,  
And fought your people till you crushed them down  
And tore this rich realm from their bloody hands.  
Perhaps 'twas best my mother's tribe should die  
And be naught but a memory,—a dream.  
We simple folk but fail to understand  
The many ways of Providence, and why  
The weak should ever bow before the strong.  
They fought the white man for the right to live  
Their simple lives in their own simple way,  
But they were crushed and, dying, did but give  
Blow for blow, defiance against strength  
And passed in bitter hate, as was their way.

**Dick Posey**

"My granddame there was married in her youth  
To a white hunter of the Hudson Bay,  
And when my mother lay upon her breast,  
A new born babe, he left them there alone  
And ne'er returned,—perhaps 'twas for the best.

"They tell me that my mother's face was fair,  
Her form was comely, and she grew in grace  
And beauty as the seasons came and went.  
I never could recall her form and face,  
She died when I was but a little child.  
But oft my granddame talked of her to me.  
She grew to maidenhood amid the wild  
Environs of our tribal life and ways,  
And many of her kind did try to win  
Her hand in marriage in her youthful days,  
But e'er it seemed the white blood in her veins  
Would cry aloud for mating with its kind.

"One day there came a white man to the camp,  
Handsome and bold, and 'twas not hard to find  
A welcome, for he carried treasures rich  
And dear to Indian hearts, and found his way  
Into their simple confidence with gifts  
That cost him little. And day by day  
He traded with them, giving beads for pelts,  
And knives for skins of otter, perchance a gun,

**Dick Posey**

Powder and ball for priceless sable fox.  
Thus to his gain their confidence he won.

He gained my mother's heart as easily  
As I thus pluck this poppy from its stem,  
And they were married by our simple rites.  
It seems that peace and comfort dwelt with them  
For many moons, he ever was most kind,  
And she enthroned him in her woman's heart  
And, bowing down, she worshipped at his shrine.

But then it chanced a white man came to camp  
With letters for my father, and he grew  
Restless and morose, yet yielding ofttimes  
To fits of tenderness, as though he knew  
Her for the priceless treasure that she was  
Whom he much feared to lose. And then one day  
He bade 'Farewell for but a little while'  
And left her with her tribe and went away  
And ne'er returned to her,—then I was born.  
"She died within a twelvemonth from my birth,  
—Sank peacefully to rest one bright spring morn  
Ere my frail lips had learned to lisp her name  
Or memory stored the image of her form.

"I grew apace, as healthy childhood grows,  
Basking in sunshine, buffeted by storm,

## Dick Posey

Scaling bold heights or tramping many miles  
The pathless forest, for I knew no fear.  
But as I grew, the children of my age  
Avoided me and oftentimes would sneer  
And call me 'Paleface,' for they understood  
The blood of two white men flowed in my veins,  
So I was outcast from hate of alien blood.  
I brooded much alone and nursed the hope  
My father would some day return to me  
And take me with him out into the world,  
—But he has ne'er returned.

“My friend, I can not see  
Why he should bring me to this harsh cold world  
And leave me here alone. Nor could I tell  
Why a just God, in whom I've learned to trust,  
Who ever guards and loves the sparrow well,  
Should thus forsake me when I've done no harm.  
I now but hope my father may be dead,  
I find no comfort in the thought that he  
Still lives, yet gives his flesh and blood no bread  
Nor comfort of his presence and his love.

“One day, a missionary, passing by,  
Did find me weeping in my loneliness,  
And, by his questioning, and kindly eye,  
Won my young trust to him so that I told  
Him of my childish griefs. He heard me through



And talked to me in gentle, kindly way  
Till I had bared my whole life to his view.  
Ah, he was kind and tender! and he wept  
At my poor sorrows, and I knew that I  
Had found a friend.

“He took me to his home  
And there I lived three happy, blissful years.  
He taught me, what I know, and O, the joy  
I found in many books!—no heartaches, fears,  
Nor taunts nor bitter hatreds flung at me  
Because of hated white blood in my veins.  
And then I came to know that God is just,  
And though we suffer much, His strength sustains  
Us till at last 'tis measured back in joy.

“It seems that keenest pleasures soonest end  
As brightest sun but speeds the coming shower,  
—One autumn night death robbed me of my friend.  
He left me all his books and such small store  
Of simple furniture as you have seen  
Within our lodge, but richer, dearer far,  
He left a memory with me like a green  
And fruitful land, that has enriched my life.  
And given me a hold on better things.

**Dick Posey**

"I tarried at the settlement a while,  
Taking such gifts as fickle Fortune brings,  
And in the main they were most kind to me,  
Yet soon I missed his kind protecting care.  
They knew that Indian blood flowed in my veins.  
And I soon sensed the chasm stretching there  
Between the outcast and her father's race.  
And then one day—I drained the bitter dregs  
Of outraged womanhood and shame,—I need  
Not tell you all,—but one did offer me  
Black insult, for he knew I was a 'breed.' "

"I struck him fiercely on the lips, then fled  
Back to my native tribe, but soon I knew  
There was no welcome for me, even there,  
Then Granddame brought me to this spot, and you  
Now know Niona's history."

She paused

And I could see the look of weary pain  
Upon her face, and understood how she  
Had suffered while living o'er her life again.  
I felt a soft splash on my hand and knew  
My eyes were wet from pity of the child.  
I spoke no word, for feeble words ne'er do  
Convey the sense of feelings deeply stirred,  
So I but pressed her hand in sympathy

Dick Posey

And lingered by her side, while each was touched  
With sympathy for each.

Then gently she  
Did look into my eyes and ask that I  
Should tell her of the one I deeply loved,  
And who did not return my love, and why  
I still should love her so. And then I knew  
I'd babbled in my tortured, fevered dreams.  
And so I told her all, as brothers do  
With sisters whom they feel that they can trust.

"And yet you love her, when you know that she  
Returns it not—or measures it with gold?"  
She asked. I did not speak, but silently  
I bowed my head. "And, friend, is there not one  
In this great world that you do know so well,  
Among the many women you have known,  
Who, knowing you, would love you for yourself?"

I felt my spirit suddenly recoil  
As if it were profaned. "No, no, my friend,  
I can not lift my love from virgin soil  
Where it is rooted, and with careless hand  
Transplant and fix it in another life,  
You have not loved or you would understand,"  
I answered.

Dick Posey

“You would still make her your wife  
If you had gold in plenty and could give  
Her priceless jewels, robes of richest hue,  
And all the things most precious in her eyes,  
If these would win such love as hers to you?”  
I did not speak to her but knew that she  
Had read the answer in my eager face.  
Then she arose and beckoned me to come,  
And silently I followed from the place,  
Still haunted by the picture she had drawn  
And conjured out of nothingness for me.

How long we walked I know not, but at last  
She paused within a canyon. Silently  
She pointed upward where a stream did leap  
From lip of precipice through giddy space  
And, caught by playful breeze, it broke in spray,  
Tumbling and bounding in the merry race  
For lower levels. And it chanced the sun  
Topped the high hills and sent its piercing ray  
Through sparkling prisms, dancing in mid air,  
And Lo! a rainbow spanned the narrow,  
Robing Niona with celestial light.  
It was a scene most beautiful, my friend,  
'Mid all the wonders of this wondrous land,  
And she was beautiful, 'twas not till then  
That I did sense the comeliness of her,

—Her artless grace and unspoiled maidenhood,  
And had my heart been free and unpossessed  
I think I could have loved her as she stood.

“Aha! you’re standing at the rainbow’s end,  
And where’s the pot of gold, my lovely queen?”  
I cried with sudden happiness of heart,  
Caught from the strange, wild beauty of the scene.  
“And shall we play at fairies, friend of mine?”  
She cried, “Your fate is resting in my hand.  
And shall I beckon goblins from their haunts,  
Or summon fairies with my willow wand?  
Now, since I will to you your heart’s desire,  
’Tis thus Niona brings you back your love.”

She swept apart the bushes at her side  
And motioned me within a little cove,  
Formed by the arching of great jagged rocks.  
The place seemed spectral in the dim half-night  
And I did not note Niona’s face shone pale,  
And that her eyes seemed burning with the light  
Of fierce fires kindled deep within her soul.  
“My friend, the rainbow ended here,” she said,  
And, pointing down, “Behold your pot of gold.”

And there it lay! a tempting, gleaming mass,  
Pure virgin gold, full freed by Nature’s hand

**Dick Posey**

From rotting quartz! My wildest boyhood dream  
Had never pictured fabled wealth so grand.  
And as my greedy eyes devoured the scene,  
I marked the ledge 'tween walls of porphyry  
Clearly defined, noted the timber there  
Ready for use, nor did I fail to see  
The cataract that bared its brawny arm  
To crush the golden quartz with fist of steel,  
—All this I noted as I stood there dumb.  
And then, half dazed, I felt the gentle touch  
Of trembling fingers, and Niona's voice  
Seemed faint and distant as if overmuch  
The mental strain had sapped her strength away:

"And is Niona's gift enough," she breathed  
"To win your love back to your empty arms?  
Is it enough to fill her heart with love  
And add true passion to her many charms?  
Is it enough to deck her in rich robes,  
And hang rare jewels on her snowy breast?  
If it but brings true happiness to you  
Niona is content her friend is blest."

I looked into her earnest, candid eyes,  
Whence shone her soul in pure transparency,  
And knew my image rested in her heart.

Of course, I loved her not, but just to see  
A love so pure, unselfish, she would give  
Herself, her soul, her all with bleeding heart  
To let my poor, mean, selfish passion live.  
—My friend, it was a glimpse of Paradise.  
And though my early love yet fettered me,  
I knew my soul would ne'er be satisfied  
With aught but glad, unselfish love for me.

And then I told her that I could not take  
This rich gift from her hand, and idly go  
Through life in wealth and luxury and ease,  
While she no happiness nor peace would know;  
That her sweet unselfishness had put to shame  
The memory of her whom yet I loved;  
That, had the wealth she offered me been mine  
By right of honest toil, her act had proved  
I ne'er could be content with purchased love.

She said but little and we left the spot  
With scarce a backward glance, and all that night  
I wrestled with the problem of our fate.  
I could not leave her thus, I had no right  
When she had saved me from a brutal death,  
And, from the fullness of unselfish love,  
She gladly offered me her new found wealth,

## Dick Posey

—To build my life upon her broken heart.  
Jack, I could not leave her thus, nor could I  
Ask her to leave her lodge with me unwed.  
I thought of marriage, but I held the tie  
Too sacred.—Then to think of child of mine  
Who must endure the taint of Indian blood!  
And my imagination conjured up  
Tales that often I had read in boyhood,  
Of how a hybred breed would oft revert  
To darkened skin or bestial savagery.  
—And then Niona's sad, sweet face would come  
Before my mental vision, silently  
Rebuking all my selfish fears and doubts

Next day I asked the child to marry me,  
—To link her life with mine that we might go  
Away together, and explained that she  
Need but to love me as a brother true,  
And she would be a sister by my side,  
To cheer and comfort me. And I did pledge  
To be her faithful brother and abide  
With her the same as if my parents' blood  
Flowed in her veins, and hold inviolate  
Her maiden purity, and she should  
Be the sister for whom I'd ever yearned.

At first she wept and said it could not be,  
Her Indian blood would ever hold me down



Dick Posey

To her own level; that men would call me  
"The Squaw Man"; that the time might come when I  
Would look upon her with a sense of shame,  
And that would break her heart and wreck my life  
And cast a blight upon my father's name.  
I reasoned with her long and earnestly,  
Telling her that never should I return  
To childhood home, for none was left there now  
To comfort me or for my presence yearn,  
Till finally she yielded her consent.

Next day we sought an agency nearby  
And found a missionary well content  
To earn a marriage fee, and we were wed.

Niona's granddame seemed quite reconciled,  
Taking with greedy hands the gifts I gave,  
Happy and eager as a little child  
To bid farewell and go back to her tribe.

We harvested Niona's yellow gold  
With eagerness frail words can ne'er describe.  
The lust for it seems born within us, and  
Where e'er it tracks its yellow, gleaming trail  
Man grasps for it with clutching greedy hand,  
Though it should lead him to the jaws of Hell.  
We marked the ledge and measured off our claims  
As I had learned in camp.

**Dick Posey**

No use to tell

You all or weary you with dull detail,  
Inside a month a princely fortune came  
Within our hands. We settled in this spot,  
And here we still abide, even the same  
As when I married her, a sister, she,  
And to keep my pledge I faithfully have tried.  
But often I do feel the bitter sting  
Of deep humiliation, not of my pride,  
But that I know how keen she feels the pain  
When neighbors, thoughtless, but with fair intent  
Do call me "Squaw Man", and it is in vain  
I tell her that it matters naught to me,  
Yet she will often brood alone and weep,  
Thinking it fault of hers that I must drink  
The wormwood of humiliation deep.  
Ah! Niona."

And she was standing there.

Queenly she was and very fair to see,  
Straight and well rounded as the mountain pine,  
Her eyes like moonless midnight, and the free,  
Easy poise of her, and womanly grace  
Of form and feature made a picture rare,  
Well graven in my heart. And now that I  
Do look back from ripe age and see her there,  
And though the fires of passion burn but low,

**Dick Poscy**

I feel anew the same sweet, thrilling charm  
That drew my soul to her, I know not how.

He called her to us and in kindly words  
He named me as his nearest, dearest friend,  
Asking her kindly welcome, which in grace  
And simple dignity she did extend.

I found their home a cozy little nest  
Filled with comfort such as ample means affords  
In frontier Oregon, and O! the rest  
And luxury of easy couch; and food  
Prepared by woman's hand; and the dear  
Memories of home; the scent of flowers  
In radiant glory; the sweet atmosphere,  
Fragrant and clean rinsed through resinous boughs;  
And, spread before us in beauty unsurpassed,  
The Valley of the Rogue, bedecked in all  
The radiance of summer, and the vast  
Stretch of encircling mountains, like a frame  
To wondrous picture from the hand of God.

Much have I wandered in my earthly span,  
Many a foreign land my feet have trod;  
I have gazed on Alpine beauty, Egypt,

**Dick Posey**

And sacred Palestine, where God came down  
From central realm of Universal Space  
And took man to his bosom as his own;  
I've scaled the lofty Andes of the South  
And left footprints in the Himalayan snow  
But ne'er a spot on earth compares with this  
Sweet Valley of the Rogue, where ever blow  
Zephyrs laden with the smell of flowers,  
Softened in winter by the ocean's breath,  
Cooled in midsummer by high altitudes  
Where lurk eternal snows in mountain cleft.

And so the happy days slid by like happy dreams  
In happy childhood, and we three drew near  
Each other, as do souls in intimate  
And congenial intercourse, grow yet more dear.

Philip made good his promise and we spent  
Long days in keenest sport with rod and creel.  
And O, the joy of casting tempting fly  
Into some shaded pool! and then to feel  
The surge of unseen life with startled plunge,  
Try to escape the thing that checks its speed  
And binds it to some enemy it fears!  
With joy we note the singing reel and head  
The bend of supple rod, and rush of line  
'Neath burning finger. Sudden it doth break

The glassy surface of the pool, and high  
It leaps into the air and tries to shake  
The hook from aching throat, then down once more  
Into its native element, and yields  
To unknown skill it cannot understand.

Niona told us of a lake that wields  
A fearsome spell upon the Indian heart.  
It lay upon the crest of the Cascades,  
Deep sunk within a cavern, and 'twas said  
No warrior is so brave but he evades  
The weird enchantment of the awful spot,  
Lest demons that disport beneath the wave  
Will clutch his soul and pull him down to Hell.  
Nor durst they even look upon it, save  
In winter when 'tis crusted o'er with ice,  
Which holds the demons prisoned down below.  
'Twas known among the whites as "Craker Lake",  
And we arranged a pilgrimage to go  
And view this wondrous work of nature's hand.

I find not space within this humble tale  
To tell to you the glories we beheld.  
And had I space, my puny words would fail  
To lift the canvas from God's masterpiece.  
We threaded forests where the giant pine

**Dick Posey**

Rose smooth and limbless for an hundred feet;  
We mounted granite pinnacles to find  
New undiscovered glories spread beneath,  
Around, above us, far as eye could reach,  
Which we could but behold with bated breath;  
We stumbled upon dazzling silver lakes,  
Smiling in sunlight,—one that I recall,  
“Lake of the Woods,” folded in Woodland arms,  
—An artist’s dream, rare jewel of them all;  
And then the luxury of evening camp,  
Pitched hastily on brink, of murm’ring stream,  
And then the banquet of the wilderness!  
The sizzling venison, delicious steam  
Of fragrant coffee,—diet of the gods!

—Speak not to me of gilded banquet hall,  
Where wealth and beauty grace the glit’tring board,  
Where glint of gems on snowy bosoms call  
A challenge to the gleam of radiant wine,  
Where softened music like a pleasant dream  
Steals on the sated ear in strains divine;  
But, kindly spread my banquet ’neath the trees,  
With tried and kindred spirits clustered ’round,  
Where wealth of intellect and grace of soul  
And trusted friendship ever may be found.

And, should we look for gleaming jewels there,  
Just look above, each incandescent star

Gleams from its sapphire setting in the sky  
And spreads its brilliant radiance from afar.  
And music? Listen to the waterfall;  
The chirp of homing bird in glad content;  
The hum of insects; note of night-hawk's call;  
The whispering trees;—all form one instrument,  
Which, swept by velvet touch of summer breeze,  
Makes one vast, sobbing melody sublime,  
That lulls us into slumber 'neath the trees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early one morning, wading deep in snow,  
As dazzled eyes did meet the sun's first rays,  
We topped the frustum of a mighty cone,  
The object of our tramp of many days.  
'Tis but a remnant of the loftiest peak  
That in past ages graced the Cascade Range,  
Ere smothered gases, deep within the earth,  
Biting igneous walls, did feel a strange  
Blast from mighty furnaces below,  
And suddenly igniting, loosed the strength  
That shook a hemisphere from pole to pole;  
Then upward leaping through the blackened length  
Of vast volcanic throat it tore its way,  
Shaking the mountain from its base to crest  
In a mad rush toward the light of day;  
Till shortened radius could no longer hold  
The force within. The mountain burst in twain,

## Dick Posey

Its mighty apex leaping to the sky,  
And then a deluge of infernal rain  
Of fiery lava scorched the helpless earth.

And when in time, the pre-historic sun  
Peered through the rifts of vapor, it beheld  
A ruined mountain. And 'tis thus was won  
The rock-ribbed resting place of Crater Lake.

Straight down below our eyes two thousand feet  
Trembled the surface of this wondrous lake.  
It lay there slumbering in its bed, replete  
With unearthly beauty, its sapphire hue  
Richer by far than blue of summer skies.  
And as it dimpled to the wind's soft kiss,  
New shades and colors met our hungry eyes,  
And fleecy clouds, hung lazy above,  
Were mirrored back in all their beauty rare;  
And warrior eagle, soaring in the sky,  
Shrieked angry challenge to his reflex there.  
And, cheat of human vision! It but seemed  
A scant two miles across from brim to brim,  
But when you chain its vast circumference,  
Full twenty miles it measures 'round its rim.

And then, the sweetness of its solitude;  
The patience of the Hand that set it there;



Dick Posey

The deep blue of the arching sky above;  
The vigor of its clean, pure atmosphere,  
—All stamped upon my soul indelibly,  
To dwell with me through all eternity.

We pitched our camp beside an ice cold spring  
That gushed from rocks in crystal purity,  
And there we dwelt for many happy days.  
We climbed new heights, gained different points of view,  
Thus adding to the scene in varied ways.  
And ever did our hearts respond in warmth  
To richer friendships springing up between.  
And gladly did I note the tender care  
That Philip gave Niona. It was e'en  
My fondest hope that some day her sweet grace  
And womanly devotion would awake  
Within his heart the love of man for wife,  
—The richest earthly gift from God we take.  
For that she loved him deeply I did know,  
Although she simply asked a sister's part  
Beside him in their cordial, friendly life,  
But yet another image filled his heart.

I often ponder in these later years  
On the strange riddle of this human love.  
'Tis but a tangled skein in clumsy hands,  
My fingers meddling with what Fate has wove.

**Dick Posey**

I knew the one who still ruled Philip's life,  
Selfish, fickle, with but scarce a thought  
Or care for all life's grander, nobler things.  
And then to see the one whom Fate had brought  
Into his life,—fit queen for any king,

Ah, could but love as that have touched my life,  
Wedded to me in purity and trust,  
With all the sweet intimacies of wife  
And husband, cementing our lives in one!  
Then, by God's grace, to feel the gentle touch  
Of baby hands, helpless yet strong as steel,  
Binding our souls with thankfulness o'ermuch,  
I should not now, at three score years and ten,  
Mourn for the wife who never had been mine,  
Nor feel this lonely void of empty arms.

One day while we were basking in the shine  
Of faultless summer, a neighbor came to us  
To look upon the beauties of the lake.  
He tarried through the day and won our hearts  
With his gay bant'ring, and we did take,  
With welcome from his hand, a goodly store  
Of venison. His wife was Indian bred,  
And through her rights he'd taken up rich lands.  
And he urged that Philip, since he had wed  
An Indian, should profit by the law

Dick Posey

And file on lands adjoining his domain,  
And by united effort in much ease  
They'd win a fortune to their mutual gain.  
'Twas through a neighbor's kindness that he spoke  
But I could see the sudden droop of shame  
And flush of wounded pride on Philip's face  
At thought or mention of the hated name  
Of "Squaw-man." And Niona at my side  
Grew rigid, and 'twas pitiful to see  
The look she bent on Philip, and to note  
The travail of her soul in agony.  
And when the man had left us we did feel  
That suddenly, the spot that charmed us so,  
Had lost its spell upon us, and we planned  
That early the next morning we should go  
Back to the ease and comfort of a home.

After the sun had set I left the camp  
To take a last view of the wondrous scene.  
I clambered down the rocky trail til I  
Had reached the margin of the lake, but e'en  
Its wondrous beauty failed to touch my heart.  
I watched the summer moon rise pale and white  
O'er all before me, and the loveliness  
But added to my sense of solitude.  
I pondered deeply on the ways of Fate,  
Trying in vain to sound the fickle mood

**Dick Posey**

In which she chose to hold two lives apart.  
I looked into my heart and knew that they  
Were both most dear to me, and hoped that I  
Had found like favor with them and hoped the day  
Would come ere long when I should see them wed  
In soul as well as by the laws of man.  
Possessed of wealth surpassing all their needs,  
With honesty of purpose toward each, and  
With wealth of intellect to take a grasp  
Upon the richer, nobler things of life,  
It seemed to me a union, blest indeed,  
—The mating of a manly man with one  
Possessed of all to fill life's cup with joy.

And thus my mind did wander on and on,  
Conjuring up a dream that pleased me much,  
When I should find sweet comfort in their home,  
Seated with them around the glowing hearth,  
While children of their love, perchance would come,  
And clamber on my knee in friendliness.  
I pictured them out in the world of men,  
Where he by right of character should dwell,  
And she could have her chance among them. Then,  
My lazy fancy saw her standing by  
The one that robbed her of a husband's love,  
And I could see Nicna's splendid form  
Well robed in fashion's fancies, see her move

Dick Posey

In queenliness among her kind, and how  
Her eyes would sparkle in the brilliant light.  
—Pictured her hair, black as a raven's wing,  
Her rounded bosom aglint with jewels bright,  
And smiled to see the other's feeble charms  
Sink into nothing by Niona's side.

I took a farewell glance upon the lake,  
Then, looking up, I saw a dark form glide  
Out on a jutting crag that overhung  
The hungry waters full three hundred feet.  
My pulses chilled, for there Niona stood  
In silhouette against the sky. Then sweet  
Her voice came floating to me through the gloom,  
The voice she lifted up in prayer to God:

“Father above, in whom I've learned to trust,  
Who knowest the stony path my feet have trod,  
If thou canst hear me, listen to my prayer.  
Naught do I ask that Thou shouldst give to me,  
But, from the fullness of a breaking heart,  
I plead that Thou wilt take the misery  
From Philip's life, that he may lift his head  
Among his kind, nor feel a sense of shame.  
Father, I love him so! May sweet content  
Dwell ever with him, and grant that his name  
May lose the stain my mother's blood has wrought.”

### Dick Posey

Her voice was drowned in weeping for a spell,  
And I could see the look of agony  
Upon her face, as e'en my own tears fell,  
I durst not move, lest I should startle her,  
—But one false step and she would plunge to death  
I could but wonder why she chose such spot  
For her devotions—then with gasping breath,  
I felt a cold fear clutch my leaping heart,  
And all my blood seemed to congeal within.  
Then, lifting up her face to Heaven, she sobbed;  
“Forgive Niona, if this be a sin.”

Light as an arrow from the hunter's bow,  
She plunged head downward into empty space.  
The giddy distance stretched its hungry arms  
And folded her in cruel, still embrace.  
Straight as a shaft she cut the stagnant air,  
It writhed and shrieked and whistled 'round her form;  
Its restless fingers loosed her glorious hair  
And tossed it streaming backward like a shroud.

There come strange moments in these lives of ours,  
When we no longer sense the flight of time;  
When seconds lengthen into endless hours,  
And destinies are moulded in a breath.  
Such moments come to us in stress of soul,  
On that strange border line of life and death.

Dick Poser

'Twas thus it seemed Niona checked her flight  
And hung transfixed and balanced in mid air.  
—'Twas then I knew I loved her—that her life  
Was precious to my heart and dearer far  
Than Mother, Soul or hope of Heaven—or wife  
Or child, that future years might hold for me.

I struck the water just as Niona's form  
Plunged deep into its cold transparency.  
I'm but a feeble swimmer, in my youth  
I scare could swim a hundred yards unspent,  
And there, the icy waters of the lake,  
Fed by the melting of the vast snow banks, sent  
Shafts of cold pain along each startled nerve.  
It seemed I held it naught that I should die,  
I knew I could not bear her to the shore,  
But by some power I could not fathom, I  
Held life as naught—What difference if I found  
A resting place within that crystal lake?  
One moment's pain, and then forgetfulness;  
Then, very soon, my spirit would awake  
And, tossing the waves aside, take its flight  
To realms prepared for me, I know not where.

I reached the spot where she had disappeared,  
And, treading water, I sustained me there,  
Though all the demons, born of Indian creed  
Seemed to unite their strength to pull me down.

## Dick Posey

It seemed to me a torturing stretch of years  
I peered into the depths. At last there shone  
A paler radiance—'twas Niona's form  
Coming to me with outstretched hands for aid.  
God! how I loved her—not as man for wife,  
But with a passion that is fixed and staid  
Deep in the unknown chambers of the soul;  
A love that knows not time, content to wait  
Till, somehow, somewhere, earthly things have passed,  
Eternity unrolls the scroll of Fate,  
And love, untrammelled, comes into its own.

She broke the surface at my side as calm  
As though she sought but pleasure there alone.  
"Why did you come to me, my friend?" she asked,  
I gasped, "You must not die a suicide!"  
And then the waters with their icy hands  
Twisted and cramped my flesh until I cried  
Aloud in pain and writhed in agony,  
My muscles twisting into knots like steel,  
—The demons of the lake had mastered me.  
And that my time was short, I could but feel.  
"Go back to Phil, his love will come to you,  
Good-bye!"

I scarce had sunk when her firm hand  
Did drag me back, and soon with steady stroke  
She bore me, weak and helpless, to the land.



Dick Posey

We said but little—little could be said.  
My blood reacted with a healthy glow  
And very soon I was myself again.

Silently we climbed the rocky, steep ascent,  
Pausing at times to ease the constant strain  
Of o'ertaxed muscles, our garments steaming  
From the heat within, till at length we stood  
Safely upon the brink of the abyss.  
We gazed a moment on the moonlit flood  
That had released us from its icy grip,  
While strange emotions cast their silent spell  
Upon us. Then she took my outstretched hand;  
"This night will live through all eternity,"  
She breathed, "I do not claim to understand  
The link that seems to bind us, each to each,  
But this I feel: so long as souls shall live,  
We shall dwell ever near, sustaining each  
With age-long friendship that we both shall give."

Next day we started on the homeward trail.  
We took a different route that led us down  
Rogue River, with its wild meanderings,  
Swollen by snow-fed streams, that sprang from frowna-  
Ing mountain chasms, gorged with perpetual snows.  
We fought great salmon waist deep in the stream

## Dick Posey

Till our poor horses groaned beneath the load.  
And ever as we wandered it did seem  
We found new beauties, richer than before.  
I'll ne'er forget old Mount McLaughlin, grand,  
A perfect cone, crested with dazzling snow,  
Stern sentinel, o'erlooking all the land,  
Nor Roxy Ann, of a more modest mien,  
Green robed and restful to the weary eye.

We reached our home, tired and travel worn,  
And grasped its comforts with a grateful sigh.  
And then we whiled the lazy weeks away  
With rod and gun in hunter's paradise.  
And ever would we happen on strange sights,  
—New wealth and beauty did constantly arise,  
—Mineral springs, with gases deftly charged,  
Gushed from the earth with power to ease and heal  
Many of the infirmities of man.

The mountains had entrancing tales to tell;  
For miles we traced the coast-line of a sea  
That once had beat high up their rocky sides.  
From Grizzly Peak to Roxy Ann did we  
Trace it by shells imbedded in the rocks.

Niona told us of a wondrous cave  
Deep in the forests of the low Coast Range,

Dick Posey

And though the way was rugged, yet it gave  
Full measure of reward for effort spent.  
We found the entrance in a vast ravine  
And pitching our camp we took well earned repose.  
Next day we entered. 'Twas a tomb-like scene,  
And beautiful beyond description. Far  
As our dim candles sent their rays, the walls  
Of purest marble glittered in the light,  
And tossed back myriad echoes to our calls.  
We clambered through scant fissures but to find  
Entrance to new wonders. Clear stalactites,  
Inverted cones, pendant from ceilings high,  
While from the floor arose great stalagmites,  
Gleaming like cut glass in the candle light.  
In one recess we found a table spread  
With gorgeous napery, spun from snowy white  
Threads of crystaled carbonates; and white swans  
Floating in crystal pools; and tubes of glass  
Which, at an artist's touch would send forth strains  
Sweet as the notes of sirens as they pass;  
And bedoirs furnished in rich draperies,  
To tempt the weary traveler to repose;  
A "Curiosity Shop" filled with toys  
And trinkets; the white lily and the rose  
Blooming in scentless beauty, side by side;  
And everywhere our candles' flick'ring rays  
Kindled rich flames of colors, magnified,  
Diffused, into bewildering hues and shades.

## Dick Posey

And then, there was the waters' ceaseless drip,  
Shaping forms and fancies with patient care,  
Nor note of time, while years, unheeded, slip  
On silent wings into the fading past;  
And then, the denseness of the quietude,  
With naught to break it but the crystal drop,  
Building, ever building, in solitude!

We spent two days in this bewilderment  
Of marble caverns. With ladders improvised  
From slender saplings, and with our lariats  
We scaled high walls to find new wonders, prized  
For the great effort their attainment cost.  
We found it vain, even to estimate  
The vastness of the subterranean halls.  
I think that time will prove, they permeate  
The entire mountain with a tangled skein  
Of fissures, labyrinths and lofty domes,  
—Mile upon mile of quaintest fairyland.

In after years when eagerly man comes  
To probe the secrets that lie hidden there,  
With pick and powder he will drive his way  
From room to room, enlarging narrow halls,  
Bridging deep chasms until at length they lay,  
In all the mysteries of hoary age,  
Open to the world's inquiring gaze.  
—A wondrous story written in the rocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

We pitched our camp within another maze  
 Of mountain wonders. Ashland Creek, with all  
 Its many wanderings down a stately gorge.  
 It springs from melting snows amid the tall  
 Pine clad cliffs, and e'en from the very crest  
 Of old Mount Ashland, robed in dazzling white.  
 Ne'er in all my wanderings had I beheld  
 A stream like that. Had I but words, I might  
 Paint a pen picture that would faintly show  
 Meager glimpses of varied beauty there.  
 Step above step, thousands of cascades rise  
 'Tween grassy banks studded with flowers rare,  
 The water whipped to foam in tumbling flight;  
 And gray squirrels chattering on leafy boughs;  
 The whirr of mountain quail from hidden nest;  
 The chirp of robins and the call of grouse;  
 And oftentimes it chanced a clumsy bear  
 Took sudden fright and fled from hostile man;  
 And deer, so plentiful and unafraid,  
 They e'en would almost feed from outstretched hand,—  
 We chanced upon a cougar, red with blood  
 Of spotted fawn the creature had just slain;  
 And high above us on a ridge appeared  
 A band of elk, marching in stately train  
 Upon their beaten trail. And everywhere  
 Sylvan retreats offered alluring shade,  
 Tempting us to kindle our camp fires there.

\* \* \* \* \*

I stood upon Mount Ashland's lofty crest,  
 Niona at my side, to watch the sun  
 Rise from its golden couch beyond the hills.

## Dick Posey

We saw the shadows lift, and one by one,  
The mountain peaks were tipped with liquid gold;  
The shades of night went racing to the west  
And all the higher places smiled to greet  
This daily miracle from out the east.  
First, Shasta rose, shaking night's sable robes  
From brawny shoulders, snowy crest held high,  
Shaping the outline of his giant bulk  
In silhouette against the streaming sky;  
Then the new born day in bouyant glee  
Caught old McLoughlin in its warm embrace  
And planted a kiss upon his glowing brow;  
And next old Baldy showed his pallid face  
From nightly vigils o'er the "Marble Caves;"  
Then Grizzly, Roxy Ann and Pompadour  
Shouldered into view; and then the valley  
Glowed in the splendor of the morning hour.  
It was a view well worth the arduous climb  
Through darkness up the steep and rocky trail.  
And stays impressed upon my memory  
Where loftier views in other climes but fail.

Niona spoke: "I'm glad I live, my friend,  
And, but for you, I should not now be here.  
Can you discern those rim rocks jutting out  
To right of old McLoughlin? It was there  
I tried to leap into forgetfulness.  
I do not feel that 'twould have been a sin,  
As 'twas for Philip's sake and not for mine,  
But, O, this life is sweet, if but to win  
Moments like these from out our little span.  
But I was sorely tried that I should be

Ever a shame and burden to his life.  
And, had I died, my friend, can you not see  
That, with his gold, Philip might e'en return  
To her who rules his life and buy her love?  
And then at times I feared that I should lose  
Control of my weak self—my heart might move  
In answer to an impulse, and the fear  
Was ever present and I trembled lest,  
Forgetting I had but the sister's part,  
I throw myself in passion on his breast.  
And so I thought 'twas best, but as I fell  
I saw you leap to rescue me, and then  
I must not let you lose your life for mine,  
And so I came back to my—more than friend."

"Niona, dear, I feel that you do know  
Philip and you are both most dear to me,  
—I wish you both life's fullest meed of joy,  
And 'tis my fondest wish that you should be  
Wedded to each by all the sacred ties  
Of wife and husband; but, Niona, child,  
You must pay the price—'tis not hard to pay."

She looked at me, her features glowing wild  
With new born hope. "Must pay the price," you say?  
You know that death for me holds no alarms,  
—Could I but know his love for one brief breath,  
I'd gladly die next moment in his arms.

**Dick Posey**

"But then, Niona, death is not the price,"  
I answered, "I shall only ask that you  
Think less of him, a little more of self.  
Men are strange creatures, child, they often do  
Love but the more when they are loved the less.  
And if a wife would bind her husband by  
The strongest ties to her, she will not give  
Her every thought to him, nor will she die  
To prove her deep devotion and her love.  
These earthly loves of our not divine.  
We think 'tis love when perchance, 'tis but pride.  
And, while I have not mastered all the fine  
Twists and turns of human character, I  
Have seen how men appreciate a wife  
As she appears to others. If she dress  
In taste most exquisite, and shapes her life  
To social needs and life's proprieties,  
And wins much admiration—and some hate,  
Her husband will compare her many charms  
With those of others, and will often rate  
His own salved pride as the profoundest love.

"I trust you know me well enough to feel  
I would not stoop to idle flattery,  
So, to your sober judgment I appeal.  
Your charms of form and feature are above  
Those of the average woman; your carriage  
Is natural and full of unspoiled grace,  
While you have much advantage in your age;  
Your hair is ample for the dressers' art,  
And you have wit and buoyancy of mind,  
And you are glowing with abundant health.



Dick Posey

Now, given opportunity, I think you'd find  
A way to master the small intricacies  
Of fashion and society's demands.  
And then your ample bank account would win  
You envied rank where nobler arts would fail,  
So listen to me, child, 'tis this I mean;  
That you and Philip should forsake these wilds  
And travel among strangers for a while.  
And you should study people and their ways,  
Their modes of dress, and each eccentric style,  
And all their little courtesies, and try  
To school yourself in all, so that you may  
Mingle with Philip's kind and be at ease.  
I trust to your good sense to find your way  
Among them, and to your true modesty  
And womanly virtue to profit much,  
And yet retain your honest self esteem.  
I know that Philip loves you, and that such  
Love as his, when it does appreciate  
You, and comparison reveals to all  
Your own true self, your unaffected charms,  
The scales from his blind eyes will one day fall.

"I know the one who, for so many years,  
Has held his heart within her jeweled hand.  
I will not talk of her, but this I feel;  
If it but chanced that some day you should stand  
Beside her, after you had learned the ways  
Of her own kind, and you were richly clad  
In all the latest follies of the day,  
Her puny beauty would look pale and sad  
Beside you. You are fairer, far, than she.

**Dick Posey**

And should you mingle in the busy throng,  
But very few would even note a trace  
Of Indian blood within you, and so long  
As wealth and beauty are your portion here,  
'Twould add but romance to your many charms.

"Now as to Philip, it is for his good.  
You practice no deceit, but simply bring  
The worth of your true self within his view.  
I know him well, his life is pure and clean,  
And when his love comes full and complete to you,  
'Twill ever there abide till death shall come.  
And do not once forget, you are his wife  
And he your husband, and your duty stands  
To him, to drive a false love from his life  
And claim the heart which he will gladly give,  
And which is yours in honor and in right.  
I am your friend, and also Philip's friend;  
I do not urge you thus in thoughtless, light,  
Unripe words, but with all the keenest sense  
Of my devotion to you both, my friend."

Long did we talk, weighing the matter well  
In all its subtle points, and in the end  
She promised, if Philip but deemed it best.  
And we did pledge to each that we would keep  
The secret 'tween us till our dying day.

Dick Posey

That night I talked with Philip in the deep  
Quiet of our mountain camp, urging him  
To do his duty by Niona, to  
Remove her from the land where she had known  
So much of pain, where joy was but her due.  
That she should have her chance to win a way  
Among her father's people, and to see  
The world and try to make its ways her own.  
And 'twas not long before I knew that he  
Did see his duty to her, and his high  
Sense of honor did make his duty clear,  
And he consented, if it were her will.

I tarried but a few days longer there,  
Then, with regret, I bade my friends farewell.  
I will not weary you in labored words  
With all the details of my journeyings  
Through lands whose mystic history affords  
Substance for volumes weightier than this.  
I threaded far into the somber shade  
Of redwood forests, wondrous to behold;  
I climbed old Shasta's slopes and proudly made  
My camp fire high in never melting snow;  
I spent some weeks in grand Yosemite,  
Drinking its marvels with a greedily thirst;  
I dropped into the valleys but to see  
Marvels of soil and wealth of spreading plain,  
While everywhere was rioting of flowers,  
Fruits adrip with luscious sweetness, gay birds,  
Shrieking their gladness to me,—golden hours,  
'Neath radiant sky of endless summer!  
I often pitched my camp with brawny men

## Dick Posey

Bearded and massive in efficient power,  
Pitting their strength against the great day, when  
Their eyes would see the yellow, gleaming hoard  
Within the palm of Fortune's outstretched hand.  
And I have answered to the magic spell  
With pick and shovel in the tempting sand,  
And I've e'en felt the reeling, drunken joy  
Of glowing nuggets in my itching palm.

I stood one eve and watched the blood red sun,  
Robed in fleecy vapor trappings, and calm,  
Sink to repose beyond the Golden Gate.  
I'll ne'er forget the scene. It seemed that God  
Stood at the portals of a continent,  
Watching the path that few as yet had trod,  
With hand most provident to wayward man,  
Spread open and palm downward o'er the land,  
From which had dropped his richest earthly gifts,  
—Ah, why will men forget to bless that Hand?

\* \* \* \* \*

Two glorious years passed by and one day found  
Me seated in my club in calm content.  
I found it good to tread the beaten paths  
Of old familiar ways, where I had spent  
My youth and early manhood, and to clasp  
The hand of half forgotten college mate  
And know that I was only half forgot.  
I spent much time in pondering of late  
O'er Philip and Niona, conjuring up  
The many scenes through which we three had passed,

Dick Posey

Wondering how wayward Fate had dealt with them,  
And whether they had heeded me at last.  
I smiled to think that I, a bachelor,  
Should turn match-maker between man and wife,  
Stepping boldly "Where angels feared to tread,"  
—I, with ne'er a romance in my life.

As I thus mused alone, a messenger  
Placed a dainty note within my hand,  
And thus it read:

    "To my dear old friend, Jack:  
Just read of the wanderer's return, and,  
Fearing lest you might flit away again,  
I hasten to forestall you in the act.  
I thus command that you forthwith forsake  
Your musings, and your presence I exact  
This very night. A few congenial friends  
Will congregate beneath my humble roof  
To hold high jinks. My lord and master lends  
His voice in this request, vowing that he  
Gladly forgives those school day tragedies  
That you and I enacted long ago.  
And by the by, I know that it will please  
You much to learn that our old mutual friend  
And pal, Philip, will be here, big as life.  
And O, Jack, listen now, and hold your breath;  
He's found a wondrous creature for a wife!  
—Picked her up somewhere out in the great West,  
And she's bewildering the hearts of men  
In giddy old New York. Perhaps 'twere best  
Not to expose you to her dazzling charms,  
Lest she inscribe you on her length'ning scroll

**Dick Posey**

Of conquests,—but you'll know that she's Phil's wife,  
—And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!  
Will look for you promptly at nine.

Irene."

With fevered haste I leaped into a cab  
And rushed to my apartments. Such a scene  
Had ne'er before disturbed the stately calm  
Of poor old Sam. I ordered him about  
With lordly tyranny and tempting bribes,  
And in a moment we were tumbling out  
Relics of by-gone times when I had donned  
The gay accoutrements of beau ideal,  
Nor recked their ancient cut and moth ball scent  
While in anticipation I did feel  
The wine of social contact in each vein.

Promptly at nine Irene's smile greeted me,  
In cordial welcome to her home. Her reign  
In social realms was undisputed, and  
"Flower of beauty and chivalry were there."  
I readily gained her consent to seek  
Concealment behind a flowery screen where  
I could see and seeing, not be observed.  
The form and face of some familiar friend  
Greeted my eyes where e'er I bent my gaze,  
And it was good to feel my stirred heart send  
A glow of friendly warmth through nerve and brain,  
While Memory unrolled with lightning hand  
Her scroll, leading me back to earlier scenes again.

Dick Posey

There Philip stood in his gigantic strength  
And manly vigor, prince among his kind,  
Greeting his old time friends with firm hand clasp  
And cordial courtesy. 'Twas good to find  
Him in my eyes, and to discern that he  
Was mingling with his friends in glad content.  
I saw him pause and bend above the chair  
Of her who once had ruled his heart, and sent  
Him from her life with scare a thought or care.  
And closely did I watch for trace of pain  
Upon his features, but he stood at ease,  
Giving courteous heed to some inane  
Speech springing from the shallowness of her.  
And then I saw him straighten, and his eyes  
Turn from her and, watching, I saw his face  
Soften and glow as if in glad surprise,  
And following his gaze, I there beheld  
Niona. She had but caught Philip's smile  
And look of adoration, big with pride,  
And gladly did her sweet soul answer, while,  
Making excuse to those around, she arose  
And moved toward her husband.

She wore the grace  
Of stately pines bowing to gentle kiss  
Of summer breeze, while stamped upon her face  
Was the enraptured look I oft did note  
The while she gazed upon some master scene  
Of God's own handiwork. I caught my breath  
In admiration of her. In fancy e'en  
I saw her back among the hills and vales  
Of the sweet Valley of the Rogue, where they

## Dick Posey

Had sunk their bigness deep within her soul.  
And now her glorious form in rich array  
Was very pleasing to the eyes of men.  
Her rounded bosom, answering to the sway  
Of deep emotions, lifted its weight of pearls  
Gleaming in tangled rays of fires within,  
Her eyes, bright as the stars of western night,  
—And my glad heart breathing her beauty in.

She turned her face direct toward my retreat,  
And e'en as if in answer to her call,  
I went to her. At first she stood transfixed  
In wonder at my presence, and then all  
That we had been to each swept over us  
And I did take her outstretched hands in mine.  
"My more than friend," she breathed, "I'm happy, Jack."  
I saw her lips a-tremble and a tear did shine  
Upon her lashes, and then dear old Phil  
Descended swift upon me, and we three  
Forgot all else around us for a spell.  
—Then others came and struck glad hands with me,  
And happily the evening hours passed by.

Philip and I were standing side by side  
When I did note that, all unconsciously,  
Niona stood beside that other one.  
I could but smile that my poor dream should be  
Thus fully realized. The swift intake  
Of Philip's breath did clearly prove to me  
That he beheld the contrast 'tween the two.  
"Look," he whispered, "never before have I



Dick Posey

Seen earthly beauty that will equal her.  
And, friend of mine, there is no need to try  
To tell you of a husband's love and pride  
In such a woman as Niona there."

"And how about the one beside her, Phil?  
Time was when I suspected you might care....."

—"Blind was I, Jack, stone blind and deaf and dumb!  
When Heaven's gates stood open wide for me,  
I saw them not; and when the angels sang  
And beckoned me to enter and be free,  
I heard them not. 'Tis true—I know not why."  
I felt my friend's big hand within my arm  
And read his cordial meaning in his eye;  
"Come, Jack, I want you to myself awhile."  
He drew me out and up a winding stair  
Into a dim lit chamber. With a smile  
He led me to a canopied retreat,  
And there in silken nest a baby lay,  
Sweet as an angel in his innocence.  
I looked in Philip's face and knew that they,  
Husband and wife were bound eternally,  
Not only by their honor and their love,  
But that the fingers of their first born held  
Their spirits, "Twain as one." I heard a sob,  
And there Niona stood, and I did see  
A tear drop on her snowy bosom fall,  
That paled the radiance of the jewels there,  
And peace came down and sweetly dwelt with all.

THE END.





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